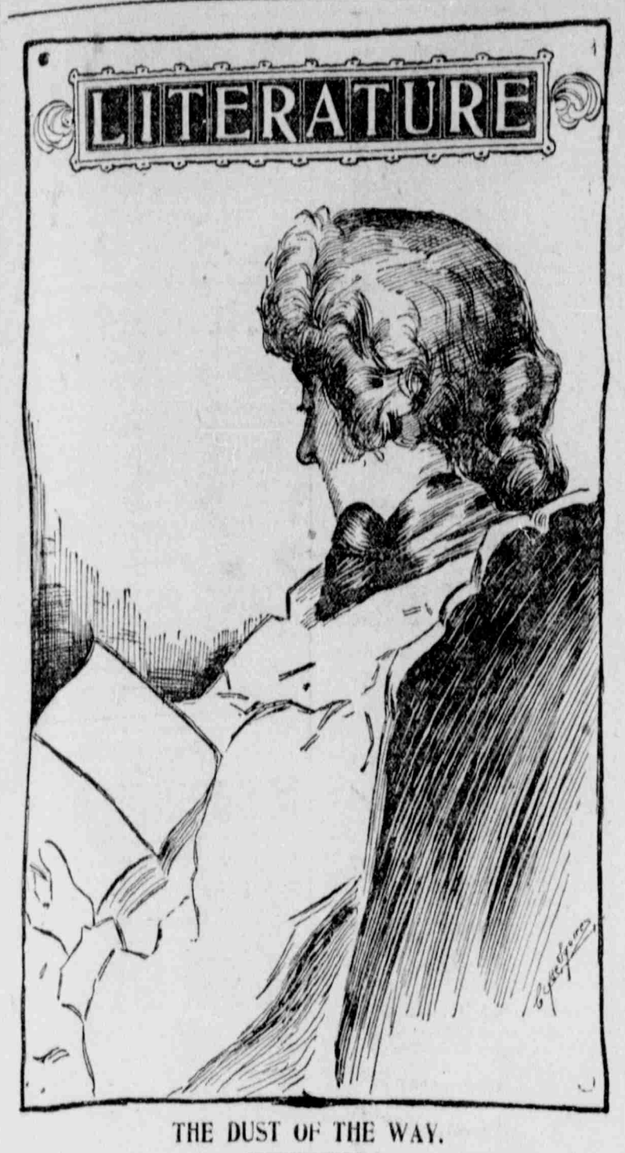
LITERATURE



THE DUST OF THE WAY.

I'm weary of the summer lanes, and of the blackbird's lay;
I'm weary of the red cock that crows at dawn of day;
I'm longing for the windy deck, the blue that fades to gray,
And the dust of the way, my boys, the dust of the way.
The dust of the way that has neither fence nor turning,
The dust of the way that has neither rail nor end;
So it's farewell to you all, for I hear the ship-bells call
Down beside the harbor whence the windy highways trend.

I'm weary of the bustling street, the endless tramp and road,
I'm weary of the gaudy glare from every gin-shop door;
I'm longing for the royal way where never gaslamp glowed,
And the lights on the road, my boys, the lights on the road.
The lights on the road that has neither fence nor turning,
The lights on the road that watch o'er us lest we stray,
Round the world and home again; so they watch us o'er the main,
The lamps that hang for mariners for ever and a day.

I'm weary of the weary winds that, mazed from off the main,
Go gasping down the stifling street and up the wooded lane,
I'm longing for the smell and sound of sea, and salt and spray,
And the winds on the way, my boys, the winds on the way.
The winds on the way that has neither fence nor turning,
The winds on the way that has neither rail nor end;
So it's farewell to you all, I hear the ship-bells call,
Down beside the harbor whence the windy highways trend.
—C. Fox Smith, London Outlook.

COUNTRY LANES.

O country lanes, white-starred with bloom,
Where wild things nestle, shy and sweet,
Where all your waving grasses laugh
And part before my eager feet—

Could I forever dwell with you,
Letting the mad old world rush by,
And just be glad of wind and sun,
Of rocking nest and brooding sky!

How often, in the crowded streets,
I dream of you, sweet country lane,
And feel once more your soft breeze soothe
My sordid breast and weary brain.

Ever above the city's din,
Above the clink of yellow gold,
I hear a wild bird's ringing call,
I catch the scent of leaf-strewn mold.

Your grasses kiss my fevered cheek,
Your hawthorn drops her scented rain,
I am a child again and dream
That Heaven bides here, O flower-starred lane!
—Florence A. Jones, Criterion.

ON BROADWAY.

O street of Gotham, famed afar!
Thou vinous vein of human fate!
Of Sin is there such a plethora
That makes thy way so broad and straight?
Upon thy flinty paving stones
I gaze, yet may I not forget,
Above the laughter and the moans
The face of man is harder yet.

Broadway! Thou Babel of the age!
What one is there, with strain profuse,
Who could, upon a printed page,
Thy alien echoes reproduce?

Broadway! There goes the millionaire,
The beggar crouches at his side;
And in thy red stream his despair
The hopeless bankrupt seeks to hide.

Broadway! In furs and furbelows
My lady from her carriage glides;
And yet no gap thy current shows,
O street! so swiftly move thy tides,

Save as some wrinkled woman's heart,
Where want has set its lines of strife,
May note my lady act her part—
Such are the rags and lace of life.

Broadway! The glare of painted face,
The fleck and foam above the storm,
The inward shudder of disgrace,
The outward flash of flesh and form;

The warrior, statesman, actor, peer,
World puppets born in discontent;
The Saxon, Celt, the sage, the seer—
New England and the Orient;

And, like some guardian of the law,
There strides thy monarch bold, O street!
With cloven foot, insatiate maw—
Proud Satan, smiling, on his beat!
—Tom Masson, Collier's Weekly

NOTES.

Ernest Seton-Thompson, having completed his lecture tour, has returned to his home in New York city. His wife, Grace Gallatin Seton, joined him in California, and enjoyed the remainder of his long overland tour more than could her busy husband. Mr. Seton, or Mr. Thompson-Seton, as he may elect to be called in the future, has bought a tract of eighty acres of land not far away from New York city. Here he and his wife are preparing a home for themselves and for hundreds of the wild creatures for whom they both have such a true affection. But while the home for the humans will be builded with sand and mortar, the retreat for the animals and birds will build itself from the air and the trees, and the streams and the land, which will be left untouched by ax or plow. And here, then, the wild things of forest and river, of tree and of shrub will learn to fear not the face of man, for man and gun will never here produce that peculiar scent so hated by Whab and so feared by Raggybug.

A suite of rooms in an apartment house will be retained in New York for those necessary business purposes so common to popular as well as to unpopular authors. An expedition to the West, not far West, but Coloradoward, has been planned for Mr. Seton and wife as a delightful summer rest after this last winter's hard work. Mr. Seton, in a recent letter to a lady in Utah, says, among other interesting things: "Let me tell you how much I enjoyed my visit to Utah. It was a delightful peep into the lives of a delightful people. I shall always remember it. * * * Remember me to all the good folk who remember me." And are they not thousands who may thus accept the kindly greetings of this humane and great scientist?

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Within three weeks of its publication The Macmillan company announce the one hundred and eightieth thousand of Winston Churchill's new novel "The Crisis." "Richard Carvel" is nearly in its four hundred thousand. The two novels can be had together in a handsome box. In this way they offer a pretty good social and political story of two most momentous periods of American history.

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The late Maurice Thompson built his own monument when he wrote "Alice of Old Vincennes." The historical novel as a whole has proved a wholesome addition to American literature, but "Alice of Old Vincennes" has become more than a simple addition. It has become an institution, a household god for every American home and a part of the education of every American generation. Much has been written of Maurice Thompson, much has been written of his books, but the story of "Alice of Old Vincennes" will be ever new. Upon August 15, 1900, the Bowen-Merrill company published "Alice of Old Vincennes." Its success was instantaneous. From September 1 to January 1 the sales of "Alice of Old Vincennes" averaged over one thousand copies a day, but an even greater record has been made by this remarkable book. For seven consecutive months, according to the compilations of the Bookman, and the Publisher's Weekly, it has been the best selling book in the United States. This is a truly remarkable record—the most popular book throughout the United States for seven consecutive months, and still there are no indications of a decrease in its popularity. Perhaps it is impossible to analyze the elements in "Alice of Old Vincennes" that went so direct to the hearts of the people, and still it was no chance selection of scene, no unique portrayal of a character, no magic touchstone to an Aladdin's cave of fiction. It is a truthfully human story, told in a truthfully human way.

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It is an interesting fact in connection with so thoroughly American a novel as "Westerfelt," by Will N. Harben, that it was begun in the British Museum, continued at Oxford, and completed in its first draft, at Paris. When Mr. Harben was asked why he selected London and Paris in which to write a story of rural Georgia life, he replied that he could see his characters and scenes more vividly from a distance, and could depict them with keener feeling under the spur of nostalgia. But the book was rewritten more than once; and between the revisions Mr. Harben amused and revivified himself by superintending the building of two business houses. After such architectural recreation, of which he is very fond, he goes back to his literary work with renewed zest. He writes between eight and twelve o'clock of the mornings. But, though he has several books to his credit, Mr. Harben believes that he has fallen upon his true vein in "Westerfelt."

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In the list of books compiled by the New York state library from data furnished by local librarians as to the most popular books of 1900, it is significant to note that only one of the fifty named during the year is religious in its aim and that was Rev. Dr. N. D. Hillis' on "The Influence of Christ in Modern Life."

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William S. Walsh, writing in the Literary Era for June, says: The Lothrop Publishing Co. of Boston wrote to him the other day denying the statement that "Eben Holden" had been refused by other publishers before it reached their hands. The original intention of Mr. Bacheller, it seems, had been to cast the story for a juvenile. He actually wrote a few chapters and submitted them unsuccessfully to a magazine for young people. It was then that a representative of the Lothrop Co. suggested to Mr. Bacheller that he should turn it into a story for grown folk. Thus the current rumor that the novel was written to order as a rival to "David Harrum" is likewise disposed of.

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The William Black memorial beacon was lighted on the 13th of May. Lord Archibald Campbell wrote the following lines for the occasion:

Here, mid the splendor of the dying day
We consecrate this Light, in Love's own way,
In silence all.

It is in silence that the day is born;
It is in silence that the day, well worn,
Sinks into night,

Is it not in silence that deep love is born?
It is in silence that deep grief is borne—
In silence all.

* * *

An unpublished hymn by Longfellow, called Christo et Ecclesiæ, was recently read by the Rev. Doctor Peabody at a morning service in Appleton Chapel, Harvard University. The poem was written for the dedication of the chapel on October 17, 1858. Miss Longfellow has been urged to allow the publication of the poem, but declares that she will respect her father's evident wishes in regard to its publication.

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Cyrus Townsend Brady, author of "Top'is and Tents," having resigned his Philadelphia pastorate, is now about to devote himself wholly to literature. His first step in that direction will be to move his home to New York city in order to be more directly in touch with his publishers.

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A curious pother has been made as to the authorship of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," which has already attracted an enormous amount of attention. Almost every well known literary woman, with the exception, of course, of Marie Correlli—has been credited with the work. And one London daily, in a determined effort to solve the mystery, has gone so far as to telegraph to a number of authors the point-blank question, "Did you write, 'An Englishwoman's Love Letters?'" The field for speculation is the wider since readers of the book are separated into two camps—those who think that the letters are fiction, and the editor's preface a skilful touch to give realism to the book; and those who accept the book as an authentic record of life.

However, the matter still remains a mystery—as great a mystery, in fact, as the personality of Miss Fiona Macleod.

To come back to the Englishwoman's Letters," however, Messrs. M. F. Mansfield & Co., of New York, make an announcement which is calculated to give a fresh stimulus to curiosity. Stating that they publish immeditely, in connection with the Unicorn Press, of London, a sequence of letters, which will be found to fit rather curiously into the letters composing the recently published and much-talked-of volume. The work will be issued under the title of "An Englishman's Love Letters." As in the case of its forerunner, the author's name is not disclosed, but must for a time at least remain unstated and those of the literary world who are "in the know," will keep a dignified silence for the present.

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The following masterly review of the life of the young, erratic genius, Marie Bashkirtseff, is taken from the advance sheets of "The Last Confessions of Marie Bashkirtseff," which will be published by Frederick A. Stokes company:

"As it was through my instrumentality that Marie Bashkirtseff was introduced to the American public, it is not, perhaps, unnatural that I should be asked to write a few words of introduction to this volume of her "Confessions."

There have been other women who have written as intimately of themselves as Marie Bashkirtseff, notably Sonya Kovalevsky, but none whose journals have been read to the same extent or who have made the same impression. It is not only for her frankness that Marie Baskirtseff's name has become a household word, but for the circumstances that surrounded her life. In her short story romance and pathos were equally blended. The story of her precocity, her talents, her early death, caught the public attention and touched the public heart.

The first English edition of the journal of this young artist was published in 1889. I asked Mrs. Serrans to make the translation, and, with some difficulty, induced Cassell & Co. to publish it. The head of the American house to whom I took the translator's manuscript was very doubtful of the book's success, but I was confident of it, and he yielded to my persuasion.

When the sales ran up to a quarter of a million copies within a few months there was one prophet who was not without honor in her own country. The newspapers, the reviews, the magazines, all discussed the book at length. No writer considered himself too great a man to discuss this remarkable Russian girl. Gladstone took pages of the Nineteenth Century in which to praise the Journal, while writers in the Century Magazine and the Atlantic hailed the Journal as something unique in literature.

In this new volume of Marie Bashkirtseff's "Confessions" there is no falling off in interest. The entries in this Journal have all of her characteristics.

Perhaps the most striking pages of this volume are those devoted to the letters that passed between Marie and Guy de Maupassant. She had never seen the novelist, nor had he ever seen her. She only knew him by his books; a knowledge, one would think, that scarcely invited the confidence of a young girl.

This young girl, however, was exceptional. The very fact that Guy de Maupassant was just what he was excited her interest, an interest altogether intellectual. She wanted to write to him and to receive his letters, just as a naturalist wants to catch a new and strange insect in his net. She felt a scientific kind of interest in this new specimen. Her first letter to him was short, but it must have piqued his curiosity. "I only know," she wrote, "that you are young, and that you are unmarried—two essential points. But I warn you that I am charming; this sweet thought will encourage you to reply." Maupassant's reply showed that he wanted to know more of his fair correspondent. She will tell him nothing. So he tries to "force her hand" by making believe that he thinks her a man or a plain old woman. She only humors the guess and plays with him.

"You may," he writes, "be a young woman of literary society, and hard and dry as a mattress." Again, "Are you worldly or sentimental? or simply romantic? or again, merely a woman who is bored and wants distraction?" She only chaffs him in her reply. What Maupassant says about himself is interesting, and undoubtedly true:

"I take everything with indifference, and I pass two-thirds of my time in profound boredom. I occupy the third in writing lines that I sell as dear as possible, distressing myself at being obliged to play this abominable part which has given me the honor of being distinguished—morally—by you."

All this must have been very entertaining to Marie. But what is more, it gave her the excitement which she craved, and without which she was unhappy. Of course, she was abnormal. Neither mind nor body was in a natural condition. She could not have lived. You feel that with her first letters. Girls such as she was never become old women. If she had not written about herself and indited epistles to people whom she had never seen she would probably have been a victim to morphine. Such a nature as hers was bound to be the slave of habit. She had the pen habit—she had to write to relieve herself—in her Journal, to strangers, it mattered little, so that she could talk about herself, her appearance, her emotions, love which she never felt, anything so that she was in the glare of the limelight.

Her death was pathetic, but her life was pathos itself.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

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A few weeks ago the Journal Saturday Review offered a prize of $20 for the best short book review. In response to this offer thousands upon thousands of reviews poured in from all parts of the country. The task of reading them all was herculean. The following was judged by the editor to be the best. It was sent in by Louis Howe, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., to whom a check of $20 was sent.

THE HELMET OF NAVARRE.

The first edition of "The Helmet of Navarre" is 100,000 copies. Let that fact silence the pessimistic cry that the spirit of chivalry is dead! Still deep in the dullest hearts lurks the buccaneer's love for the ripple beneath the keel and the taut rigging's hum. Still through the coldest veins runs the warm blood that leaps at the crash of steel on a stricken field.

Only we may no longer don armor and away through mysterious woods where dreadful dragons and distressed damsels await our sword. For is not every forest path, even in the uttermost parts of the earth, neatly marked down in various colored inks, that he who wheels may read?

Yet may the old lust for danger be somewhat slaked as beside the evening lamp we follow a virile author's soul out of the printed page, beyond the narrow study walls, through the magic land of Nowhere, to see great deeds that might have been. This is the charm of "The Helmet of Navarre."

Crude it may be, improbable it must be, for the probable is always uninteresting, and the people we know invariably dull. But we have wept over Mary Wilkins' homely death beds, have taken "Robert Elsmere" 'as a literary cod liver oil for our moral systems, have pandered to our lower nature under the excuse of a problem novel, and now we would be knights errant and breathe the fresh air once more!

Therefore will the hundred thousand copies go, and more to follow. The book will not live forever; with Weyman's and Hope's, the dust will gather on its covers. Yet will our lives be a little brighter, yea, our aims a little nobler, even for the brief journey from the dull, sordid, money-making of today.

LOUIS McHENRY HOWE.
Saratoga Springs, April 30, 1901.

BOOKS.

A recently published book of fiction is "A Heart of Flame," by Chas. Fleming Embree, an author who displays a talent for description and character portrayal, but wastes the force of these in a plot so obscure and uninteresting as to spoil the effect that might otherwise have been scored by his skill of narration. Mathilde, Durant, Antonio and Patricio are characters which in the setting of a distinct plot might have made the book a notable addition to the year's fiction; but brought, as they are, into action in scenes having no coherent nor reasonable motive, they fail to awaken any more than a passing interest, compared to what their strength of conception might demand. From the fact that the title of the book, with the very beginning of the story is made to attach to the little Ramonica, it is evident that the author's intention was to make the child his heroine; yet outside of her relation to other personages in the tale, the character carries little or no interest.

There is a great deal of narrative, with too little material throughout the book; for though the story teems with death and bloodshed, the causes are so purposeless, and the interest in the actors so poorly sustained, that even these sensational events fail to inspire any particular interest in the reader. A basis of historical fact is the only thing that could justify the author devoting time to the public exploration of the material he deals with, spite of the certain strong touches of description and character portrayal the volume contains.—Published by the Bowen-Merrill Co., Ind.

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A first novel by a very young author is usually more full of faults than merits, but "Arrows of the Almighty," by Owen Johnson, which is brought out by The Macmillan company, New York, does not need any allowances from the critical. If it had been issued anonymously one would never have dreamed that it was a first effort in fiction, so thoroughly workmanlike is it in construction and so admirably are the characters developed. Its claim to distinction amid the flood of present day fiction, comes from the fact that it puts in a dramatic and convincing way the temptations, perils and discouragements that beset the path of an honest officer in the army commissariat at the opening of the civil war. Some men have touched on this subject, but Mr. Johnson is the first to give the public a picture, evidently from original sources, of the fight made by one strong, honest man to keep Uncle Sam from being swindled by dishonest contractors. This is the work that was cut out by fate for the hero, and that he does it in heroic fashion is the chief merit of the book. But this is not all, for as a love story and as a study of the struggles of a strong nature against evil hereditary influences, the novel is also noteworthy.

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The Relation Between Politics and the Moral Law is the title of an address delivered by the late Chancellor Gustave Ruemelin of the University of Tubingen, Germany, of which an English translation is announced for immediate publication by The MacMillan company. This address has long been considered in Germany a classic upon its subject, giving within brief limits a clear and interesting discussion of the question how far the moral law of private life can be, or ought to be, applied in public affairs, especially of an international character. Reumelin's view, which is stated throughout on a high plane of idealism, distinguishes sharply between the obligations binding upon every individual, be he in public or private life, and those binding upon a people or a state as a single entity. He dissents with equal vigor from those who regard all conquest as robbery and all aggressive warfare as murder, as from Machiavelli and his disciples; and even those who may hesitate to agree with his conclusions must admit that his presentation is lucid and his arguments high-minded.

The translation has been made by Dr. Rudolph Tombo, Jr. of Columbia University and the introduction and notes are by Frederick W. Holls, Esq., late member of the Peace Conference at The Hague. In the notes striking passages of parallel easoning from John Stuart Mill, Lord Lytton and others are quoted, and interesting examples of modern statesmanship, notably of Bismarck and Gladstone are given with some detail. No reference is made to pending controversies, but in view of the questions of immediate policy which are now before the American and European peoples, the appearance of this little volume should be considered very timely.

MAGAZINES.

The July number of Mind, this well known New Thought magazine will attract the attention of all persons interested in advanced spiritual thought. It opens with a discussion, from the pen of B. O. Fowler, of Judge Clarkson's new book, "The A B C of Scientific Christianity." The judge's reasons for his secession from the ranks of Mrs. Eddy's cult are set forth in copious extracts. "The Gospel of Federation," having special reference to the new commonwealth of Australia, is a timely article by W. J. Colville, the noted inspirational writer and lecturer, now at the antipodes. Stanton K. Davis, author of "Where Dwells the Soul Serene," writes on "The Problem of Happiness." "Freedom—Individual and Universal is considered by Charles Brodie Paterson. "The Work in Hand" is the title of a beautiful poem by Anna J. Granniss. C. Dean has a suggestive paper on "Mind—Finite and Infinite. Harriet B. Bradbury discusses "The New Birth," and Mrs. Ingalese's occult story, "Mata the Magician," is of thrilling interest. Editor John Emery McLean writes upon Millionaire Rockfeller's recent endowment of an institute for medical research and upon two other topics, in addition to the usual "Review of New Books." The Rev. Helen Van-Anderson considers "Individuality" in the Family Circle Department which contains five other contributions. The Alliance Publishing company, 569 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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The Youth's companion for this week is a Fourth of July number, and its cover is done in the national colors, the top portion showing a picture of Independence Hall, where the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776, and the lower part an eagle bearing a banner in red, white and blue, and the words "Fourth of July, 1901," in red and blue. The design is simple but effective. The opening story is entitled "The Boy and the Marquis," and is a pretty tale of Lafayette. The last chapter of "The Great Scoop" is a most interesting one and ends a truly entertaining serial. There are other short stories, and the usual good poetry and interesting prose material found in the journal.—Perry, Mason Co., Boston.

ART NOTES.

Three well-known artists have received commissions for mural paintings in the new Baltimore Courthouse, for which the sum of $15,000 has recently been secured. The men are Elihu Vedder, now in Rome, and Edwin H. Blashfield and Charles Y. Turner, of New York. The panels are to be well placed, and will doubtless be of considerable importance.

Of the $15,000 the sum of $5,000 was raised by the Baltimore Municipal Art Society, the remainder having been secured by public appropriation.

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Mary McNeil Fenollosa has written a charming essay on Hiroshige, the Japanese artist of mist, snow and rain, and Messrs. Vickery, Atkins & Torrey, the San Francisco art dealers, have published it in attractive form. The essayist traces Japanese landscape art from its curious beginnings about 1770, when Toyoharu, "having seen and studied some old Dutch woodcuts, which had found their way into the empire through the little Dutch colony at Nagasaki, conceived the idea of rendering the landscape of his own country into similar forms." It is interesting," she continues, "to see his initial attempts at foreign realism and perspective. The foliage of trees is drawn with such painful minuteness that it loses all resemblance to Japanese vegetation; the round, carefully modeled white clouds seem to be held in air by concealed wires, while in some of his conflicts with perspective the garden of a teahouse is thrown far away from the building to which it belongs, and street vistas dive headlong beneath the startled horizon."

Gradually, as modern landscape prints from Japan show, the rudiments of foreign methods were learned, and a flourishing school of arts sprang up, whose landscape prints, in black and white, were in great demand as illustrations for guidebooks of the country. Before the days of the camera, these were the only means of reproducing a given scene, the fashion of painting single pictures on paper having not developed there till much later.

It was Hiroshige, pupil of a pupil of Toyoharu, who conceived the idea of printing these illustrations on separate sheets, instead of binding them in heavy guide books, and, who, now that they began to be taken more seriously, as works of pictorial art, applied to them the wealth of coloring already used in figure prints.

"His methods," writes the commentator, "are ridiculously simple. We ask: 'How can this man, with his crude hand apparatus, and a half dozen wooden blocks, gain effects over which Corot might have spent months in vain?' 'Diluted inks,' the modern print-maker tells us. 'A deft blur with the finger on the wet block just before it is applied to the absorbant paper; a deliberate yet nervous grading of the foce with which the block is pressed down.'

"These directions, however, give but little hint of the consummate genius required to employ them. After all, it takes Hiroshige himself to lure within a small inky rectangle the changeless impression of a moment's passing loveliness; to spread his mists in breezy places from whence no wind can drive them, his snows unmelting in winter sunshine, his rain forever falling, yet never at an end."

The brief reference to the influence of old Dutch woodcuts upon modern Japanese art recalls the statement of an American connoisseur, made to the writer after a trip to Japan last summer. This man, who had unusual facilities for obtaining access to the workshops of the best wood and ivory carvers, found several of these wonderful artisans seriously considering the introduction of European methods and designs. He did what he could to dissuade these Japanese craftsmen from drifting away from their artistic nationality, but he regards the present tendency toward Europeanization as distinctly dangerous.